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LOTS OF FUN!
—
BEADLE'S
DIME
Book of Fun,
Illustrated,

AND
No. 6, No. 6,
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DIME
Song Book,
No. 6,
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

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PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

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CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY
J. R. S.

IT IS DISTILLED FROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT, and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxious. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded to the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
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YOU WILL FIND
The Best Viands.
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The Best Coffee and Tea.
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The Best Havana Cigars.
The Best Company
In fine,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, THE MEDLEY, "The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH
OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify- OH! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Se
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BROADWAY.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 428
BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 428 Broadway,
Near Canal-street, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

THE HEAD OF THE NATION.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Street Walker.

Of all God's creation the most pitiful object.

Of all God's creation the most sorry and most sacred object.

Of all beings made in the Divine likeness, given a sense of immortality, an eye for the stars at midnight and the sun at noon, an ear for the murmur of the Spring and the deep cry of the mighty sea, rocked babe of the Great Mother, given a voice for the utteran·e of the things of the heart,—the one only whose eyes are never turned to heaven, whose ears are sealed to the spheral sounds, whose voice, untuned, rattles over a dry bed.

Of all a little lower than the angels, the one only that wants the death of any brute. The only one, Our Father help her! that would have no flowers pointing with fragrance to her grave, no stone to stay the stranger's heel from trampling down her dust. Only to lie quietly, never to wake when this is over.

The Street-Walker haunts all the places of men. The city, with its walls so high that they veil the face of the sun, with stones that never cry out, and mingled sounds that drown the still small voice, is her only home. She has a memory of another scene, now and then. While it is light, and she lurks in her covert, shrinking from the searching eye of day, it sometimes crosses her mind—a still and peaceful land—cape, fields, a brook, a white church, a cottage with the vines about it, and there, under the tall trees before the door, with the sunset touching his thin face with glory, and the pleasant air blowing through his white hair, an old man fondling a child upon his knee, a child whose large eyes are turned trustful and truthful into his, and whose golden tresses embrace his neck. But she curses this vision, and drowns it with fire!

If the Street-Walker ventures out into the brilliant tide of happy and hopeful life that rises and falls in the favorite promenade, she is followed by black and angry glances. As if her breath were poison, as if her touch were certain taint, fine ladies shrink away at her approach, wives and mothers blush with indignation as they see her, and holy men rebuke her with stern contemplation. Through all her disguises—be her veil as thick and impenetrable as that which hides her destiny, be her garments those of deepest contrition and most suppliant sadness—bet your life the fellows know her! The gentlemen so proud and handsome, picking petted teeth or caressing beautiful moustaches at the hotel fronts, or lounging with large eyes and graceful canes over the pave, exchange brief but pertinent phrases as she goes by, wearily perhaps; and, if none of their up-town friends are in sight (of which they are careful first to assure themselves), bestow upon her a few sly familiarities, of which they have an ample vocabulary.

When it is *dark!* Who does not know that figure, so laboriously light, of such ghastly gaiety, decked with the sacrificial tokens, flowers and jewels—a bloom in her cheek, but not the bloom of health and innocence; a light in her eye, but not the light of hope—flashing by there under the gas? Now she walks erect and bold. Now she laughs a sharp and furious laugh. Now her voice strikes a dismal pain to the heart still beautiful in purity, still tender in mercy. Now Society shuts its eyes and its doors and prays to the God of the outcast for the Street-Walker out in the Night.

Dear friends, no. Gentlemen in front of the hotels, no. Careful shepherds, ladies whose necks are so lovely and laces so light, mothers that some of us remember, sisters that some of us love,—No.

A Descent is just made upon them by a posse of the Mayor's police—the same Mayor, dear friends, who, when a great many complaints are preferred at his office, by sewing-girls and other operatives, who allege that their employers cheat them out of their wages, (see the *Times* of March 21), observes that "he can do nothing for them"—and the *Herald* tells all about it in a story which it is a stirring thing for respectable citizens to glance over at breakfast. The reporter shows up the "vile creatures" in all their monstrous rapacity, and follows them to the station house in the gentle clutch of Captain Turnbull's posse with virtuous rejoicing. The *Herald* says that the "Baby story did not take." The "baby story," dear friends, was told by nearly one-half of them. It was only that they had little children at home who might die without them.

The Street-Walker, although spurned by all good people, and driven out, branded with shame, from all pure circles; although taken up not tenderly by His Honor's police; although put out to die like a worn beast,—when her laugh gets hollow and her eye dull, seldom takes any other revenge than an over-dose of laudanum, or a plunge that only the droning watchman and the creatures of the midnight hear, into the black stream.

Indeed it is said that to the very destroyer of her peace and happiness—him who turned her destiny out of the light into the eternal shadow—she is often true to the last,—following him with longings and benedictions, and breathing his name last of all.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HOUSE.

CALLED FORTH BY A RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF COMMON SENSE.

A grateful nation sends its thanks
—May they their destination reach—
To those who, in the House, ordained
The late Impediment in Speech.
No more shall noisy babblers sound,
Day after day, their senseless screech;
To "short allowance" now they're bound,
Restrained to just one hour each.

And now the House may, if it choose,
Its dingy record somewhat bleach:
Push on to business; heed no more
Of all this overflow of speech;
Check the Ohio member's brawl,
Of the new rule permit no breach;
Keep sharp look-out on one and all,
And give them but their hour each.

Let no man make himself again
Of public time the Sponge and Leech.
Pity the bleeding treasury,
And, like the Speaker, make no speech.
You'll find it, if you only try,
As well to practise as to preach;
It will come easier by-and-by,
This rule that's now so hard to teach,
This golden rule,—One Hour Each.

Why Not Have Cabs, Then?

In a certain cheerful work called a Thesaurus, we find the words "Carriage," and "Mien," set down as synonymes. Doubtless, this refers to the Hackney-Carriages that encumber our metropolis—they are certainly synonymous with everything that is Mean.

Con. for Parents.

How should a father bring up his children to avoid the Seats of Depravity?

Bring them up Standing!

DO SO BY ALL MEANS.

HE *Phœnix*, an irrepressible Celtic journal published in this city, in an article on St. Patrick's Day, says, apropos of the First Regiment of the Phœnix Brigade,

"We trust it shall celebrate next Patrick's Day on its native sod."

We have n't the remotest idea who the next Patrick is to be, or when his Day will come off, but, if the Phaynix Brigade feel disposed to return to their "native sod" on that occasion, we should say it would be a rather good thing to do, especially if they should take a large consignment of their fellow-countrymen over with them,—and forget to bring them back.

THE SWEET CHARITY OF BOSTON.

We are in the habit of looking toward Boston for all sorts of goodness in small packages. We may not receive any large invoices from that favored place, but we are always sure of the quality. It is well known that when a moral fall happens in those crooked streets, not only the Samaritans, but even the Priests and Levites, make a sudden rush for the unfortunate, and that they do actually impede each other in the struggle to apply the balmy oil.

All readers of the public journals know that quite often men are pricked with a sharp remorse at the memory of pecuniary misdeeds, and that under the influence of such pricking they sometimes refund, in a covert manner, the money of which they have cheated individuals or the public revenue. Thus, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer is perpetually occupied in acknowledging the receipt of previously unpaid income-taxes from tender-conscienced subjects of Her Majesty. Therefore, we were not startled when we saw by the following "Card" that some man in Boston had gone and done likewise; but we certainly were not prepared for the exceeding kindness with which the reparation was received. Let it be known to all:—

A CARD.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier: The subscriber acknowledges the receipt of an anonymous letter enclosing two dollars, which sum the writer declares he obtained fraudulently, and now restores. If the writer had made payment in person, and disclosed the unworthy means by which he obtained the money, so that future frauds of a like nature might be guarded against, it would have been more satisfactory. The debt will be discharged in full if the interest has been computed and added. Daniel Draper.

How soothingly, with what a gentleness, does this, our Daniel Draper, write! The words of his pen exhale myrrh and sweet odors! Take note of the tender reproach implied in the suggestion that the writer ought to have called on Daniel Draper! Mark the loving kindness with which he forbears to use harsh words, glossing over the unfortunate original transaction by speaking of "frauds" and "unworthy means"! What ineffable love, tinged with an irrepressible humor, in the closing hint that the compunctious man might have been more explicit in his figures! We must suppose that the offender did not thoroughly know Daniel Draper; else, would he not have seized with rapture the opportunity of calling on that milky humanitarian in his counting-room, instead of sending an anonymous letter? It was not shrewd in Daniel Draper to show so clearly his disposition as he has done in the "Card;" he must watch his cash-box with a hundred eyes hereafter; for his written words will set crowds at him, each man striving to defraud him for the sake of sharing in similar droppings of his love. The chilling east wind may blight the peach-blossom, the fogs from the sea may obscure the sun which rises chiefly to shine on the State House; but Boston's sweet charity flourishes ever, the light of Christian love still gladdens her people. So may it be!

A Tale more Harrowing than any of Sylvanus Cobb's.

The tail of Clark Mills' Equestrian statue.

[Private.]

Office of Vanity Fair,
113 *Nassau Street*.

New York, March 23d, 1860.

Vanity Fair, *though it has differed in its time with Mr. Cochrane, now begs to present its compliments, and to thank him, in the name of all poor and friendless women, for the ability and perseverance which he has devoted to the establishing of a Law "For the protection of Female Emigrants."*

To

Hon. John Cochrane, M. C.,

Washington, D. C.

THE DOOM OF THE IRON LAW; OR, THE GOBLIN GRIDIRON.

BY KILVANUS SOBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

The fatal hour had struck.

The gloomy Halls were filled with solemn Senators, and rapacious Reps. Vote after vote howled grimly through the darkling air. Bill upon Bill crept with the assassin's stride along the shadowy rows of desks.

"Ha! ha!" and the walls shook with the mighty blast, as the stalwart form of the Wizard of the Gridiron brandished aloft his goblin weapon. "Ha! ha! Ye are mine! Body and soul!"

And the ghastly echoes answered, "Body and soul!"

The fiery Gridiron whirled fearfully around the heads of the Rapacious Reps, and discharged legions of invisible fiends wrapped in grimy bank-notes, into the Reps' capacious pockets.

The spell worked!

The eyes of the Wizard gleamed with horrid triumph, as, shaking out a Map of New-York City, he pointed with demon finger to the black lines of Iron Doom that ran snake-like through its fated streets.

And still the Gridiron did its stealthy work.

"Ha! ha! Ye are won at last!" shouted the Wizard.

And the Reps bowed and kissed the mighty Gridiron, and clutched the demons in their pockets with a ghastly smile.

The hour struck again.

And the Wizard strode among the solemn Senators, waving the mystic Gridiron.

But at this moment a bright form, arrayed in robes of sparkling Newspaper, and bearing "a banner with the strange device"—'Public Spirit,' flashed into the hall, and stalking majestically up to the solemn senators, he confronted the affrighted Wizard. The Gridiron shook in the magician's grasp. The solemn Senators scowled doubtfully on him, when, in a voice, clearer than the tones of the New York *Herald*, the Bright-robed Visitor cried . . . . . .

This is all of this splendid and fascinating story that will be published in these columns. The conclusion of this unparelleled drama, every chapter of which intensifies in interest, will only be found in the pages of the '*New York Cadger*,' of which Mr. Sobb is the exclusive Romancer. Be sure to ask for the '*New York Cadger*' of March 31st, and the succeeding numbers for five years (one every week), at the expiration of which period, either the story of the "*Goblin Gridiron*," or Mr. Sobb himself—will be finished.

Sentiment by our own Poet.

Everything has its poetical aspect: in Jersey, where Applejack is the national beverage, toddy-blossoms might be called Apple-Blooms.

Refreshing Modesty.

The *Herald* says that the art of scolding has been brought to perfection by Wendell Phillips. O, Pryor!

The Aggressive Politician's Inquiry.

Is Mexico going to Cede?

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

The *Herald* of the 21st inst., in the course of its editorial columns, asked itself this question, (having probably grown tired of putting it to its more enterprising contemporaries), and considered it to itself after a fashion beginning thus:

"Almost every day we are able to lay before our readers a budget of intelligence of the greatest importance. Indeed, so accustomed has the public become to look for its diurnal astonisher, that it has almost ceased to be shocked or surprised at anything. . . . . Inform the general reader that the French Emperor has seized Savoy, and thinks of giving the Pope power over the Romagna, after all; that the distinguished representative of the Five Points is a great lion among the English bruisers; that &c., &c., &c. . . . . And the only reply is, after the Turkish manner of answering a question, What next?"

Or:

Inform the general reader that, after having cringed in the dust at James Buchanan's feet, obsequiously minded every cock of his disconnected eye, covered him all over with a loathsome coating of penny-a-line flattery, befouled his opponents, and fairly earned the office of little dog to run between his legs—having, indeed, assured the general reader he is the "only man for Charleston," the tough old J. G. B. now endorses and goes its whole length of bunting for the last man, totally neglecting his master,—and the only reply is, What Next?

Inform the general reader that he has found some new and helpless object upon which to exhaust the spleen of his nature—a woman, or a colored oysterman—and still he will say, What Next?

Inform the general reader that, having become nervous and peevish with extreme age, he could not stand the fun of VANITY FAIR, and thought he would crush it, and the reply will still be, What Next?

Inform the general reader that the *Herald* has got one really fresh and interesting piece of news, and all he will say, in a loud and anxious voice, will be, What Next?

PORK AND PERFIDY.

A most affecting case of desertion and cruelty is recorded by the Detroit *Free Press*. It is designated a "Breach of Promise" case; but whether a breach of promise of marriage, or breach of promise of pigs, it is difficult to decide. A woman declared before one of the Police Justices, that she had for a long time devoted herself to a certain man, on the strength of six little pigs, which he had given to her. She regarded this significant present as a sufficient indication that his intention was honorable and his purpose marriage. She had placed great confidence in him, and had cherished the lively symbols of his supposed affection with much tenderness. And, as they grew, and grew, so grew her love for the giver, until, like the briar-bush from Lord Lovel's breast, "it could n't grew any higher." About that time, she desired to carry out the metaphor of the song by "twisting herself into a true lover's knot" with the original possessor of the six little pigs; but he, curiously enough, could n't quite see it, or, in other words, appeared disposed to go back on her. Nor was this the full extent of his heartless conduct; for, watching his opportunity, he seized one day upon the six little pigs—which had now grown to be six very big little pigs, full of promise for the future, and nearly ripe for martyrdom—and drove them away to his own house, with the announcement that his swine should be her swine no longer, but that thenceforward they should be part and parcel of his household, and should feed uninterruptedly upon the refuse of his table until death should them sever. Then swelled her woman's heart with honest wrath. Revenge pointed her the way to the office of the Police Justice, before whom she laid all the particulars of the affair, including the pigs. It is truly a touching story. The *Free Press* withholds the names of the parties, probably out of regard to the feelings of the pigs, who might otherwise be drawn into an unenviable notoriety. But we trust the world may know the termination of the case. We are anxious to learn whether the faithless abductor of pigs will keep the lady's heart and give her back the live-stock, or retain the live-stock and give her back her heart. Though now bereft of pigs, it is to be hoped she will yet save her bacon; and in case the final settlement should be distasteful to her, we would recommend a pilgrimage to Cincinnati, where, we will answer for it, she will find many of the inhabitants ready to plight their trough to her at any moment.

Quite Likely.

The newspapers, speaking of Madame Fabri, the prima donna about to appear here, say that she has several good qualities, and "sings with great Warmth." This must be because her voice has an uncommonly large Register!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

OLD LADY.—Oh! deary me! I wonder if there's any heat a-comin' up this register. I'm powerful cold.

NOT THE RIGHT THING.

Our sentimental contributor complains that an article covering only thirty pages of that magazine, has lately been refused by *Harper's Monthly*. On looking into the matter we conceive the rejection to be extremely unjust, as the article is made up entirely of anecdotes of "a little four-year-old," a commodity in which that serial has indulged to at least the extent of twenty pages per number, for a couple of years. As a specimen,—and we must declare it better than the article they have been using,—we transcribe one of the little gems:—

"A friend of ours has 'a little four-year-old' who is remarkably fond of cake. His mother, one day, in distributing the savory compound, gave a piece to his sister, 'a little three-year-old.' The little four-year-old retreated into a corner, where for a few moments he was silent, at the end of which time, it was plain that he had devoured his allotment. With hasty strides he crossed the room, to where stood the three-year-old, and in a jiffey, away went her cake, and down the throat of the four-year-old. This little four-year-old will make a great man."

This specimen will show that the article teemed with wit and humor, and should not have been rejected.

"Say and Seal."

We see that the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World" has been writing a book with the rather singular title of "Say and Seal." Not having yet read the work, we confess to being somewhat puzzled by the name. Can it be a biography of the talking seal at Barnum's? or is it a genealogy of the family of Lord Say and Sele, with the name a little altered? Is the title in the imperative mood, and if so what 's to be said, and what 's to be sealed? Has it anything to do with Mr. Selah, late street commissioner, or is it in any remote degree apropos of Tom Sayers? These doubts are maddening. Whatever the "Say" may be, let us trust that the "Seal" will be read.

Who Knows?

Is not that Consistency which is esteemed a Jewel apt to be the Consistency of Paste?

HERE AND THERE.

AS you will perceive, on reference to the initial, I am about to discourse of Apple-women. If I were a Frenchman, I should, of course, commence with Eve, inasmuch as all writers of that nation invariably tend, in their treatises, towards antiquity, and when they write about pen-knives, open with an allusion to Tubal Cain. But I have a contempt for Frenchmen. I have always secretly entertained a belief, incompatible with my muscular development, that I could whip any four Frenchmen that ever existed, always excepting M. Caussidière. I abstain, therefore, from all allusion to Eve, or Pomona.

I have now arrived at the mature age of forty-two. At least thirty-eight of those years have been spent in profitless speculations about Apple-women. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I allude to Apple-women that have stands, and make no reference whatever to the peripatetic female who, supplied with a bascaudian vessel cunningly woven of osier, proffers to our Editorial corps at noonday, the rosy-streaked spitz-bergen, or the mellow pippin. I speculate, and in all probability will continue to speculate, upon the great, insoluble mystery presented by those persons who, clad in inexplicable garments, occupy bleak sites in public resorts, and sit placidly before an apple-stand, with evidently no hope, and, as far as I can see, no chance of ever disposing of a single penny. I want to know why they continue day after day to expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather without prospect of profit. What do they subsist on? They never transact any business—certainly none that is obvious, for I do not account the occasional cent of the nomadic boy as a mercantile transaction worthy of mention. Do they eat their own apples? I trust not, for at times I have detected a mysterious system of polish applied by the proprietors to the fruit in question, which, in my eyes, scarcely increased its attractions. I am at a loss to know at what hours they come to their place of (no) business, and when they leave. I entertain a vague theory that they are fixtures. I have never seen any indication of motion on their part, and am inclined to think that when night comes on they are boarded up by some charitable person, and left until morning, when the same philanthropist returns and takes down the shutters. I am bewildered as to how they effect their purchases of stock. I don't think that they have the slightest idea of the source of the apple. I don't believe that any one of them ever saw or heard of an orchard. It is even my opinion that they have only the most dislocated notions about cider. What they are not I know, but what they are I know not, unless they be the legitimate descendants of the Sphynx. Solemn, immutable and inscrutable they sit before their stores, gazing calmly at curious mortals like myself, who marvel at them, and pass on, while they, clad in their mystery, remain. I here personally offer a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars annual income to any one who will furnish me with an authentic autobiography of an Apple-woman.

I am the original Ruined Man. Despair sits in the first floor of my heart. I have deposited large amounts of ashes on my head, and just given an order for a new suit of sackcloth to my tailor. All this desolation is on account of Captain Morton Price. M. P. is down on me, and calls me a monkey frequently. I am thankful to him that he did not assert that I was a Gorilla. If the Captain's style of acting invites comment, what shall be said of his inimitable epistolary style? The first sentence of a letter which he addresses to "the patrons of VANITY FAIR," through the columns of a certain sporting paper of this city, is distinguished by an originality of construction that is quite refreshing:—"To the Editor of ———: Dear Sir,—May I beg the favor (an additional one to many I have received at your hands) *of* insertion *of* a reply I wish to make through the medium of your columns, to an attack made upon me by the periodical particularized above which under the heading or frontispiece of a monkey with a cigar in his mouth, has been guilty of a flagrant neglect of truth in the following would-be funny sentences." There! Isn't that enough to take a fellow's breath away? I am in an entire state of doubt as who, or what, or which, has been guilty of the flagrant neglect; whether it is the monkey, or the frontispiece, or the cigar, or VANITY FAIR. I wonder what sort of an examination M. P. passed when he got his commission! I think that he must have been shaky on his grammar. M. P. is angry, it seems, because I doubt the legitimacy of his claim to being Her Majesty's servant. I confess that I cannot understand how M. P. obtained such lengthened leave of absence from his gallant regiment. Such furloughs are only granted in special cases, or when the officer has served a long term in a distant colony or possession, such as India. Neither would the Colonel of M. P.'s regiment, or H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, be pleased to learn that an English officer on full pay, or even half pay, was playing in public for money. To be sure, being a monkey I am not necessarily over intelligent, but still, to say the least of it, these things are mysterious. The gallant warrior further promises me that whenever I meet Miss Lucette I will "get nuts to crack." Miss L. is a very pretty singer, and it is quite kind of her to undertake to provide me with nuts. I am particularly attached to the Filbert.

Signed,

The Young Gentleman's Lament.

I.

Broadway is shockingly nasty,
The mud is slimy and slab,
Unctuous, oozy, and pasty—
But ah! there is never a Cab!
My elegant French patent leathers,
That shone so brightly at morn,
All unfit for such changeable weathers
Are drabbled, foul, and forlorn.

II.

The rain in torrents is falling,
The night is lowering dark,
But the carriages are appalling,
That stand in a row by the Park:
Their faded cushions are dusty,
The winds through their broken glass sigh,
Their curtains are ragged and musty,
Their prices are fearfully high!

III.

And there goes a bevy of stages,
Each with fourteen inside;
The sight my spirit enrages;
'Tis horrible in them to ride!
So here I stand at the corner,
In the mud and the pelting rain;
No fellow was ever forlorner,
And I can't help being profane!

IV.

The stage is a city pollution—
The hack is, if possible, worse—
And till Cabs are an institution,
All travel is only a curse!
'T would be worth a potentate's ransom
To annihilate both with one stab—
To do up the business handsome,
And give us the Hansom Cab!

New Kind of Life Preserver.

The London *Court Journal* says:

"The officers of the Great Eastern steamship have presented to Dr. Watson, who so nobly exerted himself to save the life of their late much-beloved commander with a handsome pipe, beautifully mounted with silver."

We regret that the *Journal* did not state what it was that was "presented to Dr. Watson," as also in what way he used "a handsome pipe," in his exertions to save his friend's life. Could it have been an Escape pipe?

A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST.

RIGHT bright and forward young gentleman is Mr. Theodore Tilton. Tilton is his name and tilting is his profession. Republicanism of the true black, we may say the Japanese Polish variety, has in Theodore one of the firmest and least liable to be broken of ribs. If he is particularly known and beloved in Brooklyn, the letters upon Washington Irving and Mrs. John Brown which fell, exactly at proper time, from his vigorous pen, have extended his influence and his fame far beyond the limits of that admirable suburb. He cannot be confined to Mr. Beecher's church. The Cause needs him. Therefore it was none other than he who accompanied Mr. Wendell Phillips, through a double line of policemen, upon the platform from which that meek and lowly apostle of freedom presented his Plea for the Dissolution of the Union. Therefore we find, in the report of the cheerful proceedings, this little remark :

On introducing Mr. Phillips to the audience, Mr. TILTON came forward, and said he would like to know if the ladies and gentlemen were all in good humor."

After this no other jester need go to Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher may rattle his most merry jokes from the pulpit of Plymouth, but they will not do. There is but one genuine Son of Momus, and that is T. Tilton.

Perhaps he would like to know whether the ladies and gentlemen assembled for the burial away of one they have dearly loved are "in good humor"? Perhaps he would like to know if the white-faced crowd suddenly drawn together over a form struck down by some mad hand, and grovelling in the dust, is "in good humor"? Perhaps he would be glad to be informed if the members of the happy family, called up by the cry of danger, and trembling in uncertainty of its source or true nature, only sure that their peace has been ruthlessly disturbed and their privacy ruthlessly invaded, would not be "in good humor"?

Can anybody imagine the excessive gaiety and glee of Mr. Theodore Tilton, in the event of his dear friend Wendell's plea proving successful? His "good humor," under the very circumstances which the patriot's heart has only shuddered to contemplate, would rise to a point of brilliant geniality that no common creature could resist. The very sight of him, when the foundations of our faith were crumbling to ruin, and sections were rushing against each other in bitter frenzy, and the stars and stripes torn and blotted were trailing in the dust, would be enough to raise a laugh under the ribs of Death. Amid the crash of tottering bulwarks and the desolation fast settling over the face of nature, with the wails of a hosts whose hearts broke when their Union was dissolved, ringing in the thick air, would not Mr. Theodore Tilton, seated on a pile of gory ruins twiddling his thumbs and shaking with ill-suppresed mirth, be an inspiring object to regard? Would not Mr. Horace Greeley, and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. W. L. Garrison, with others of the jolly ilk, be obliged to ask him to desist and mercifully respect their lives? It is indeed a terrible power that Mr. Theodore Tilton has over the risibilities of his countrymen, and we can only send out of the heart of VANITY FAIR a mild petition that he will not be as funny as he can. We could not survive it.

Con. By a Radical.

Why have the Japanese more need of Liberty than other nations? Because they lack(h)er more.

The great Question among Admiring Young Men.

"Is it an Ella or a Fellah?"

SIMPLE RECIPES.

A BRILLIANT CONVERSATION.

Take a number of good sound commonplaces. Of course your object will be to disguise their taste, and give them an original flavor. Therefore mix in well all the polysyllables you can remember. Add a few difficult technicalities. Should the taste of your company be sufficiently cultivated and refined, use cynicism freely. A dash of heartlessness, a spicing of all uncharitableness, will impart zest to the appetite, while a strong infusion of the vinegar of skepticism will tickle the palate of the consumer very delightfully. Sneers at simple faith and natural purity, with clever flings at the religion of old women and dying men, may be introduced in equal proportions. A most important ingredient is the quotation from a foreign tongue of ambiguous phrases; selections from old and forgotten authors also give a certain richness to the compound, which connoisseurs know how to esteem. Formerly such insipid condiments as truth, chairty and simplicity were liberally used in the composition, but now the best cooks never employ them, giving as a reason (the sly rogues!) that the market has been exhausted of those materials!

Put the whole over a very slow fire of feeling, and let it simmer with blasé elegance; an icing of conceit makes a handsome dish of it. Be very careful how you serve. Remember that the correct taste is not common to all, and endeavor to stimulate the most vulgar old-fashioned appetite to an appreciation of the new science of conversational cookery.

Interesting to Farmers.

The *Tribune* magnanimously divulges "the secret of successful farming." An important injunction is, "don't try to grow oranges and yams at the poles." It must be understood that all sucessful farming has resulted from a careful adherence to this rule. The popular agricultural mind, naturally captivated by the charms of polar productiveness, has long been too intently turned in a hyperborean direction. The growth of oranges and yams in those regions has, however, been of late somewhat unprofitable. Hence the *Tribune's* warning, which comes, indeed, with peculiar aptness at this time, and will probably have a beneficial effect on the expedition of Dr. Hayes, which would otherwise undoubtedly have set sail with a very large cargo of oranges and yams, with a view to their reproduction somewhere on the luxurious shores of the Open Sea. The *Tribune's* "secret" will unveil the eye of the farmer to an entirely new state of things. Nothing, for the present, should be grown at the poles, excepting, perhaps, beans and hops, for which poles are considered requisite.

The Seventh.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that the Seventh Regiment will be invited to attend the putting-up of the Perry Statue in that city. On behalf of the Seventh—though not officially empowered to do so—we would say that the Regiment was so delighted with its trip to Washington, that it has determined on holding itself always in readiness to answer invitations from every source. We do not wish to be premature, but as no business can be done without making it known, we advise the Seventh to advertise. As a rough draft we would submit the following :

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Seventh Regiment of National Guards, grateful for past favors, take this opportunity of informing the public that they hold themselves always in readiness to respond to calls from any source. They trust that their past reputation wil be remembered, and pledge themselves to uphold it. The smallest orders thankfully received.

V. V.

By Our Enthusiastic Contributor, after seeing "Evangeline."

In Summer Gardens, roses
Vie with the lilies fair,—
I can hardly choose my darling
That grows i' the Summer air!
But in the Winter Garden,
...That Garden of the Blest!...
Pretty Katie Bateman
Is the blossom I love best!

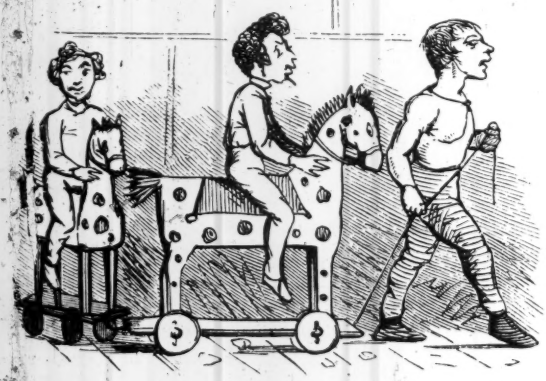
Fact.

If a man's Aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will Miss Fire in the next.

THE COUNTER-JUMPERS' GYMNASIUM.

TIMULATED by our gentle remonstrances, the Counter-jumpers have suddenly been inspired with an idea. Alive at last to their miserable physical condition, they have determined to follow the example of the Seventh Regiment and start a gymnasium specially adapted to their peculiar wants. We have been favored with an inspection of the establishment, and report accordingly. The apartment in which the Counter-jumpers exercise, is a fine spacious hall, handsomely decorated with show-cards, dummies, and such like ornaments. The floor is carpeted with a thick pile velvet carpet, and the walls are lined with a luxurious divan seat, where the Counter-jumper, exhausted by exercise, may recruit his energies. A bar is also attached to the institution, and the refreshments are served by a number of those females in hoops, who are the joy of the retail clerk when he disports himself in fetid concert saloons.

The apparatus consists of the usual machinery for the development of muscle, slightly altered, however, to suit those for whose use it is intended. The parallel bars are covered with a nice soft



EXERCISE OF YE YOUTHFULLE JUMPERRE ON "YE PRANCINGE STEEDE."

padding to protect the hands from injury. So also are the rungs of the ladder, to which apparatus a lifting machine is attached in order to assist the Counter-jumper in elevating himself by the force of his arms. The dumb-bells are specially suited to the persons using them. The heaviest weighs two pounds, and they descend by scale to the weight of one ounce. There are now in the gymnasium no less than three clerks who can put up the two pound dumb-bells fairly. For the Indian Club exercise the superintendent has ingeniously substituted a game played with knitting-needles, which it is expected will answer all the purpose. Horse exercise is also a feature, and a number of trained animals have been provided for the use of the gymnasts.

YE FEAT OF YE ELDERLIE COUNTER-JUMPERRE.

These sports have already had the finest possible effect on quite a number of Counter-jumpers. Their constitutions are so invigorated by these Olympic games that they are enabled to undergo their usual nocturnal dissipations with far more impunity than usual. They can drink worse rum and smoke cheaper cigars than formerly, and one may behold their manly forms in the concert saloons of nights, swilling the festive strychnine and dallying playfully with those lovely nymphs, who condescend to serve the

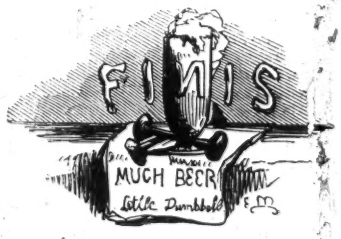
YE AMOROUS JUMPERRE AT YE CONCERTE SALOON.

visitors with delicate refreshments. Observe the skill with which our artist has caught the exquisite expression which is characteristic of the Hebe in question. The refinement of her manners is on a par with the piquante beauty of her features. Her attire is chaste, elegant and expansive; and the skill with which she makes her rigidly hooped skirts gyrate as she moves through the room, gladdens the heart of the sentimental Counter-Jumper. Seen through the cloud of cheap cigar smoke, and the mediums of beer and brandy, she seems to him like some lonely goddess floating through ether, bearing in her hands the drink of the Immortals; and he leans back in his seat, and gazes at her with that stupid, sottish leer, which is his ideal of all that is expressive of tenderness and devotion. In the distance stands, it may be, the nymph's "particular friend," scowling, and muttering, "but bless you, the Counter-jumper no longer fears him. Does he not go to the gymnasium and put up the two-pound dumb-bells? We have been assured by the superintendent of the Counter-jumpers' gymnasium that he expects in the course of a year to turn out at least twenty of thes ecreatures who shall be healthy, manly, and courageous.

YE IDOLLE OF YE CONCERTE SALOON.

YE IDOLLE'S "PARTICULAR FRIEND."

Bravo!



Worth Knowing.

"The small-pox has broken out among the Kaws."—*Western Paper.*

What can the Cause be?—Crow Indians?

The Very Latest from Europe.

NAPOLEON TO THE POPE. "Pray keep your seat, Sir!"

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH MEXICO.

U. S. MARINER.—Now, then, you nasty Greaser, just drop them hulks and come along with me.

A BAS LES POLYGAMES!

According to the *Herald*, those delectable persons the Mormons of Salt Lake City, at a recent festival, carried aloft, in procession, a banner bearing an inscription by which, we are told, they intended to characterize themselves: this—

The Edge Tools of the Almighty.

We hope the U. S. Government will set the old proverb at naught, in this case, for the Mormons are certainly Edge-tools that ought to be meddled with.

The Vanity Fair Juvenile Library.

THE publishers of VANITY FAIR beg leave to announce, that having solely in view the moral interests of the young, they have commenced the preparation of a series of works designed expressly for the rising generation. The productions of PETER PARLEY have been rigidly excluded; and it is the intention of the publishers to submit every volume to the scrutiny of the managers of the American Tract Society, and to publish nothing which is unfortunate enough to meet with their approval. The following volumes are in press. Orders from the Trade are solicited.

I.

CHARLEY'S A B C CONUNDRUM BOOK; OR THE ALPHABET MADE EASY. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"Why is the letter A like the Year 1861?
Because it is next to B.
Why is the letter B like a Post-Master?
Because it stands for Buchanan.
Why is the letter C like a naughty boy?
Because it begins crying.
Why is the letter D like a sailor?
Because it follows the C."

II.

TRUE STORIES FOR MY LITTLE GIRL. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"As Wi-ll-i-am Wil-kins was walk-ing in the gar-den one day, he met his dear sis-ter and thus he did say: 'Why is a squash like a lit-tle news-boy?' She gave it up. 'Be-cause,' said this wick-ed boy, 'the old-er he grows the more of a yeller he will be.' His good grand-mam-ma over-heard him, and went to bed sick with grief."

III.

WILLIAM'S FIRST BOOK OF UNNATURAL THEOLOGY. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"Thomas Jones was a naughty boy, and when asked by his parents to attend church, he replied, "Not if he know'd it." So he went to take a walk; and fell down; and tore his new pantaloons; and his nose bled; and he lost his knife; and all his marbles playing with a dirty little boy near the Battery. Then he cried, and the dirty little boy said, 'Dry up!' But he could not; and lost his way; and was advertised in the *Herald*. This disgrace was too much for him, and he said, 'He s'posed he might as well die.' And he did; and then he wished he had gone with his good parents to church.

IV.

MARY, THE LITTLE MISSIONARY. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"Mary's uncle Charles came to see her, and gave her a bright gold dollar. Then Mary said: 'Now I will buy some candy, and some chewing gum, and a pickled lime; and I will give Sarah Jones two cents; and the woman on Broadway with the little baby three cents.' But Mr. A. Sleek, that good man, heard her, and he groaned, and he said: 'Mary, remember the Pottawottamies!' So she gave her dollar to good Mr. Sleek for the Pottawottamies; and when he took it, he was kind enough to say that he wished the Pottawottamies might get it. And Mary was made a life-member of Mr. Sleek's Society. Was not that better than a pickled lime?"

V.

TOMMY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"George Washington was the Father of his country, but it is not known who was its Mother. He was made of brass, like papa's door-knocker, and as soon as he was finished he was put on a great brass horse, and left out in the cold, giving great grief to all who saw him. Some kind people wanted to take him down, and some said the horse was 'no go.' If I am a very obedient little boy, perhaps, when I die the artists will let me alone, and then nobody will laugh at me."

VI.

HYMNS FOR LITTLE BOYS. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"HYMN XXVIII.

"I am a foolish little boy,
But when I older grow,
For less than twelve per cent I will
Not let my money go.

In Wall-street I will pass my days,
And have an office there;
And sometimes I will be a bull,
And sometimes be a bear.

In shaves and cornering, my time
Shall usefully be spent;
So when I die the folks will say,
'He was a rich old gent.'"

VII.

SCIENCE FOR LITTLE SHAVERS. BY THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

"*Mrs. Multiplex.*—George, my gifted boy, will you state to me what you saw during your walk this morning?

George.—I will. I was paying my respects to Trivia, otherwise called Diana, the Goddess of Streets. I heard music proceeding from a cubical box. It was elicited by the revolution of a crank in the hands of an Italian. Italy is shaped like a boot, and when Napoleon III. tried it on, he put his foot in it. The minstrel was performing in andante, the music of a well-known ballad:

'I dreamed that I dwelt in Marblehead,
With vessels and skiffs by my side.'

These words were written by Alfred Bunn, who was born in 1632, and who is still living, at the advanced age of two hundred and twenty-eight.

Mrs. Multiplex.—Correct, my boy, to a year! Can you illustrate the law, 'Nature abhors a vacuum?'

George.—Ask the Seventh Regiment.

Mrs. Multiplex.—You may now devote a recess of five minutes to gymnastics, and then return to your trigonometry."

Address, VANITY FAIR OFFICE, No. 113 Nassau-street, New-York, and be sure to enclose the Cash!

A TERRIBLE TIME IN BOSTON.

HERE is a one hundred dollar note, somewhere in Boston, in whose fate we feel the liveliest interest. It has no legitimate possessor; and the fact of a one hundred dollar note existing for any length of time, with no person to claim it for his own, we regard as one of the most melancholy in nature.

The history of this bit of paper is peculiar, and serves to illustrate in a degree the extraordinary character of the Massachusetts mind. A number of Bostonians wanted a new City Railroad, and asked the Legislature for a charter. The Metropolitan Railroad Company, which enjoyed the monopoly of the city travel, looked upon all further facilities in that line as vanities, and opposed the movement. The opinions of both parties were very strongly pressed upon the Legislature, which bore the bother very calmly until somebody embodied his views on the subject in a bank-note for one hundred dollars, which he sent to Mr. Shaw, the chairman of the Committee who were to determine upon the matter. Mr. Shaw and other gentlemen forthwith addressed the House in language of burning eloquence and fiery reprobation. The nerves of the Commonwealth were thrilled, and the tail of the venerable codfish which hangs in emblematic purity from the ceiling of the Representative's Hall was seen to writhe as if an unpleasant bait had been offered it on a particularly palpable hook. It was evident that the expansive and liberal ideas which obtain in New York upon matters like these, have not yet become popular in Boston—another proof of the provincialism of that place. Investigation immediately set in. A Mr. Hubbard, who sent the objectionable money to Mr. Shaw, was brought up with a round turn. Mr. Hubbard was found to be the attorney of the Metropolitan Railroad Company. Then the public laughed "ha! ha!" and scented the mystery afar off. But Mr. Hubbard told a story about "a man" who gave him the note for this other man, and this first man had disappeared, and he never expected to see him again, and this other man might say what he pleased, but it was all he knew about it;—having pronounced which, Mr. Hubbard straightway fainted away, before the assembled wisdom of the State of Massachusetts. The fainting, however, was not admitted in evidence, so the entire Board of Directors of the Company declared they would make no feint, and came out boldly and said the bank-note was none of their affair, in proof of which, they all signed their respectable names to an advertisement, and put it in the newspapers This produced a profound impression upon the community, but still—there was the bank-note. Mr. Hubbard would n't acknowledge it, and the Company would n't hear of it, and Mr. Shaw would n't touch it on any terms. So it was temporarily confided to a gentleman named Parsons, one of the legislators, in whose discretion the people have a profound trust. Mr. Parsons is said to be quite overwhelmed by the awful responsibility of his situation. He is in daily consultation with his friends as to whether his constitution will stand by him under the mental anxiety he is compelled to endure. Meanwhile the investigation goes on, and will go on, until the injured honor of the Legislature is supposed to be sufficiently purified, when it will probably stop. It is to be feared that the one hundred dollar note will never find a claimant, and that it will ultimately become the property of the State;—in which case, it will be likely to be appropriately framed, and hung up opposite the ancient codfish, an ever present warning to those who would tamper with the integrity of Massachusetts Legislation. But, if we might venture to suggest it, a surer way of accomplishing its moral purpose would be for the State to invest the sum in subscriptions to VANITY FAIR, copies of which, when distributed in public places, never fail to recall the wandering sense of duty, nor to bring erring footsteps into the true path again. But this is merely a suggestion—we do not make a point of it, at all.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A CELEBRATED MANAGER AND A GREAT STAR.

THEODOSIUS GAZEM, ESQ., MANAGER OF THE BUZZLETON VARIETIES.

Sir: You will perceive by my advertisement in the New York papers that I have just passed through a series of the most brilliant engagements, many of which were productive of the most stupendous results. In New Orleans, twelve thousand were turned away from the doors the first night, and I was solicited by the Mayor, Common Council, and a deputation of the most prominent citizens, to accept a further engagement of four weeks. I was obliged to refuse. At St. Louis, the poorest seats in the house were sold at a premium of five hundred per cent, and I was obliged to escape by stealth to keep the public from carrying me in triumph through the streets. In Philadelphia, I was offered the perpetual loan, without interest, of half a million of dollars, to build a theatre for the revival of the Legitimate, which I was forced to decline, from the fact that this would confine my talent to one locality which, as you must be aware, would not do.

It is my intention to visit your magnificent city next month, and I thought proper to inform you, that you might have time to offer for a six-nights engagement.

Your obedient servant, HAMLET RANT.

New York, March 20th, 1860.

BUZZLETON, March 22d, 1860.

To HAMLET RANT, ESQ.

Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 20th is received. To answer can only say, shall be most happy. House holds $1200. Will insure you that amount nett every night, with all travelling and hotel expenses paid, and a benefit without deduction for anything. Draw on us at once for $10,000.

With the highest admiration, THEODOSIUS GAZEM.

To T. GAZEM.

Sir: The terms won't suit. I am accustomed to having all the house, with the proceeds of such extra tickets as can be sold to my private account, and six clear benefits in the week. I must also have all my expenses paid, and an advance of $20,000 for my six nights. If this suits you, telegraph immediately.

Yours, HAMLET RANT.

New York, March 24th, 1860.

Telegraphic.

BUZZLETON, March 26th, 1860.

Come on immediately. All right.

T. GAZEM.

Live Oak George and his live Hoax.

We perceive that the Counsel to the Corporation, in response to a resolution of the Board of Aldermen, has given his opinion that the contract for the Battery Enlargement is void by reason of the non-completion of the work in the time specified.

We presume Mr. Bronson has come to this conclusion after carefully weighing the matter; but it is a notorious fact, which even those most violently opposed to the Extension will not deny, that the work has been done entirely according to Law.

ARTISTIC.

AN EYE FOR COLOR.

HEART-SALVE.

MISS Effie Carstang, of St. Louis, having been deserted by her betrothed, Mr. Shaw—who was not only her soul's idol, but a very wealthy man also—recently brought a suit—as our readers may remember—against him, for One Hundred Thousand Dollars damages, for breach of promise of marriage. A generous and sympathetic jury awarded her the whole amount, but the villainous Shaw, not preciating the great worth of Woman's Love, appealed, and obtained a new trial of the case.

What are we coming to?

Are broken hearts, like broken candies, to be sold cheaper than entire ones? If Shaw had wedded his loving and disinterested Effie, it would have cost him more than a paltry hundred thousand to keep her heart-whole. When such a tender and eminently fragile organ is broken forever, is it to be classed as "damaged," and put up at a great reduction on that account? Cupid forbid!

The fact is women have so few methods of gaining an honest livelihood, that we are disposed to regard the Breach of Promise business as one of their most legitimate and rumunerative chances. Not every woman can act in the theatre, sing in the opera, teach French and music, run a sewing-machine, or marry a rich husband; but every woman has her little heart to be broken and paid for, and if she can't make a good thing of it, it is a pity about her; that's all! Almost any young fellow—especially if rich and foolish—when assailed by a pretty woman, will, from motives of vanity or what not, consent to carry on just as strong a flirtation as she choses to inaugurate. Of course, when it terminates, her heart will be more or less fractured, and nothing but bankable lint can staunch

"——the ruby tide that flows
For him, for him alone."

A hundred thousand dollars ought to set up any young woman—even a Carstang—in honest life. Perhaps some, less ambitious, would be satisfied with fifty—twenty—ten—or maybe five, thousand; but as a rule, the more the merrier, of course.

And why should n't the dear creatures have it?

If the Counter-jumpers *will* fill the proper sphere for women, and keep them from earning their living decently, what can we expect, but that they will do otherwise? We sincerely advise every young lady who was ever smiled at, winked at, complimented, embraced, or kissed, to make a note of it, and if the base miscreant who thus tampered with her budding affections refuses to marry her, let her prosecute—and persecute—him to the bitter end! Ladies will see, at once, the impropriety of encouraging darkened parlors and confidential tête-à-têtes with any others than men of large property. Gentlemen, on the contrary, will stand on their good behavior and impassibility, and beware how they throw themselves into "the dreadful Breach" of Promise.

Cheap Advice—and Good,

The *Tribune* advises its readers to keep out of debt. Good advice, but very hard to live up to, especially with those who have nothing to do, and a large family to share the proceeds. The advice of the *Tribune* is like the advice of a certain French landlord: "By gar, when a man gets so poor, zat he cannot pay his rent, let him build von house for himself." Sound philosophy, that!

A Blighted Bee-ing.

An empty hive.

JONATHAN'S MEXICAN NOTIONS.

Fetch all the other blamed, con-demned,
Black, blagguard, blaästed, lazy, low,
Mean, murderin' countries on the airth,—
They can't begin with Mexico.

'Baöut every other man you meet
'S a gassy, greasy, greedy priest;
An' t' other haälf o' the thievin' race
Air eq'al shares o' butcher 'n' beast.

There 's naöw 'n' then a man o' brains,
But then he 's all the wuss for that:
The only trade is robbery;
The only science, Tit for Tat.

They 're a lyin, blusterin', braggin' lot,
As long as cannon-balls can't reach 'em:
They changed their teüne, though, mighty quick,
When old Zach Taylor went to teach 'em.

The devils air so cussed mean—
Unless them papers told a whopper—
They try to p'ison all they hit,
By makin' musket-balls o' copper!

The churches they 're almighty rich;
The people they 're almighty poor:
The blaästed fools 'a'n't got no spunk,
Or else them priests 'd come daöwn, sure.

At last they *hev* begun to try;
But, Lord! w'at "tryin'" that air is!
Haälf on 'em waänt to sell aöut, bad;
The rest 're sorry they ever riz.

That Miry-man—or w'at 's his name—
A precious rascal *he* must be!
An' ef Ju-*a*-riz a'n't the same,
Then he must be a sight to see.

I'd leetle ruther he would lick,
Becuz he 's sweet on Uncle Sam;—
An' then he goes for "Libertad!"
For all it likely stan's for "Flam!"

Them Spanish steamers kind o' look
As though old Spain was dead agin' him;
But Capting Turner kind o' acts
As though he meant Spain should n't pin him.

Why do' n't Sam Haöuston go 'n' pitch in,
Instid o' settin' there, a-blowin'?
Them thirty thaöusan' smaärt young men
'D hate to laärn he wa'n't agoin'.

Ef he 's a mind to hev a graänd
Republic o' the Saöuth, w'y not
Go in right off, stake aöut the graöund,
An' set it goin' on the spot?

W'ilst he 's a-waitin', Santy Anny,
With snags o' Greasers at his back,
May come a-sneakin' araöun', 'n' bu'st
The swellin' bubble, at one crack!

Let him wake up, 'n' start along
Them enterprisin' chaps o' his;—
Holler "Alamo!—Crocket!—Charge!"
Then show the world haöw smaärt he is!

No matter 'baöut the right 'n' wrong:
That a'n't the p'int;—the pint is, ruther,
To make a bid for President
O' one republic or the other!

The Mazy Style of Rice.

Mr. Dan Rice, in a letter of singular—but unpleasant—vigor, informs the public that he alone possesses the real Zoyara, and that Mr. Nixon is an impostor. Mr. Rice's epistolary style is nearly as offensive as his speeches in the ring. He makes an agreeable mixture of the Rice-pudding and the Jack-pudding.

What the Bar-tender said to the Egg.

Tip us your Flipper.

ALARMING PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AMONG THE LOWER CLASSES.

Accomplished Youth.—Please, ma'am, give me a penny; my nammy 's making a Numismatic collection.

THE FUTURE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

The people of the South, backed by their Senators, Representatives, and the New-York *Herald*, seem to feel offensively certain of surpassing the North in literature as well as in commerce. They are to found universities, start magazines, issue new books—indeed, we hear that a Journal of Civilization is proposed—and, in a word, they feel so confident of getting the whip-hand of us, that we, on behalf of the North, begin to tremble in our editorial boots. What if they start a Comic Paper! The thought is more than dreadful!

In consideration of this threatened literary uprising, we have felt called upon to examine the papers already existing southward of the Line. Need we say that our tremor increased, as we read? The dignity, the manliness, the purity, the mild but firm vindication of personal rights, that scintillated from every column, astonished and alarmed us. O, gentlemen of the Southern rural press, spare us, and do not start a Comic Paper! Have some charity for *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, and refrain from magazines! Respect the hoary honors of Columbia College, and shake not its foundations by organizing a new and Peculiar Institute! Good South, spare us!

It may be that our readers would like to know what a perfect literary arsenal the South possesses—what immense lights are dimly quenched under the bushel of a provincial sanctum here and there, only awaiting Mr. Ashburne's cry of "To Arms!" and his bonfires on the hills, to burst forth upon the startled gaze of the North,

"'And shine in the sudden making of splendid names!"

By way of a sample, we take the first Southern paper that comes to hand. It is the *Democrat*, published in Lebanon, Tennessee, and has two editors, either one of whom is evidently capable of overturning all existing literary institutions. Mr. Thompson, the chief editor, discourses upon his personal prowess, which, it seems, has been questioned. Let no man question it again!—

"A rumor is in circulation in different parts of this country, that a certain gentleman had made an attack on the editor of this paper with a stick and had wounded him very badly. It is as base a slander as one of SAM'S boys ever uttered. The whole concern has not money enough to hire him to make an attack on us."

This is manly and outspoken. The use of the word "gentleman" evinces much breadth of opinion. But the self-reliant and intelligent editor goes on to inform his readers—who, no doubt, are delighted—still further:—

"We slapped a gentleman over in Cook's Drug Store, and he never touched us, and some lying scoundrel circulated that he *slapped* us in the face, and that we *drew a pistol*, and they *knew* it was a base falsehood when they circulated it."

We hardly know which to admire most, the construction or the meaning of this sentence. What a splendid fellow Thompson must be, to be sure! What a man for quiet, judicious articles, on vexed subjects! If the South ever does found a Peculiar Institute, we bespeak a professorship of Belles-lettres for Thompson.

Master Anderson, the genial youth who reigns over the "Local department" of the *Democrat*, is following rapidly in the footsteps of his senior, but is evidently unaccustomed to the editorial "We." In a charming colloquial defence of himself, when accused of leaving some young ladies in the mud, he declares for celibacy, saying,

"We know of no person we envy so much as old Bachelors. . . . . Yes, the Lord deliver me from a wife.

The mild form of grammar with which Master A. is evidently afflicted, can hardly become dangerous, we think, even should it strike in. His generous charity, however, as displayed in another paragraph, is really something to be alarmed at, and we advise the senior to keep a watchful eye upon this Local imitation. Master Anderson remarks, at the head of his column,

"Our friend Dick Ligon requests us to say to his creditors, that if they will indulge him for a short time, that he will pay every cent he owes, and much sooner than it can be collected by the law. Dick is a clever fellow and creditors should indulge him, as he does not wish to be sued."

Very eccentric young man, that Dick. Almost as eccentric as the youthful and innocuous editor himself. We hope he has been "indulged."

With this specimen of journalism at the South before us, we are surely justified in believing that, within ten years, the grass will grow in Printing-House Square, owls and bats will frequent Franklin Square, and the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets will be the abode of spiders. Perhaps even our own beloved V. F. office will be dark and silent—peopled only with the ghosts of jokes and epigrams. When this occurs, there is no question but the seat of literary enterprise and glory will be Lebanon, Tennessee. The Great Southern Author will also be found there, but whether his name will be Thompson, or Anderson, we cannot judge.

SHOW US THE MAN!

We want a Candidate! We are violently desirous of a V. F. Candidate for the Presidency. He must be conservative, yet progressive. He must have, like Mayor Wood, "a single eye" to the public welfare; but he must (unlike Mayor Wood) mind that eye. Can any of the gentlemen now before the people—though mostly behind the age—satisfy us in these respects? A person who knows nothing about the cardinal points won't do. Our man must know everything, including the multiplication-table, the whereabouts of the *Herald* office, and "Now I lay me down to sleep"! None others need apply.

It seems hardly likely that the Nominational (or Nominal) Conventions, about to come off, will furnish a suitable man. We cannot tell, however, unless we bet, and that is against our prejudices, if not our principles. We *did* think that James Buchanan would be a good man. The *Herald* said he was, and the *Herald* is always right. This is what the *Herald* said:—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan, then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

All of which was, without doubt, entirely true, until lately, when the *Herald* went back on James, and left us all abroad. In brief, Bennett dropped his man, like a hot oat-cake, and we hear not a word more about him. At present, we almost incline to think that Bennett himself wouldn't be a bad candidate. Neither would the "What Is It?" although we had about as soon support Douglas as the latter. He is not much more neutrally non-committal, and is better looking. Indeed, we are in a great quandary, and shall have to advertise, after all, we expect. A friend suggests Live-Oak George, and our remarks are done. After such a painful piece of (Grid-)Iron, we have nothing further to say?

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